

TWO THANKSGIVING DINNERS.

Edna entered the parlor one bright November morning; she pushed the curtain back from the open window that the bright rays of sunshine might light up the room. The air gave a new fragrance to the room as it rustled among the geraniums and fuchias in the window. How beautiful they appeared this morning to Edna after having looked at the leafless trees and the frost bitten grass on the lawn before her.

Then Edna took her place at the piano; as her fingers glided restlessly up and down over the keys, her thoughts wandered across the street to Mrs. Smith, a poor widow lady who had four small children, the eldest, Nellie a sweet little girl of thirteen, was very sick with the typhoid fever. She was the only one large enough to help with work. So now Mrs. Smith had to toil very hard to find bread for her children and to watch the fever as it took the color from Nellie's cheeks. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving day but Mrs. Smith was afraid that their Thanksgiving feast would be small, for she had that morning bought bread with her last cent.

The opening of the door recalled Edna from her reverie. It was her mother who stood in the door way.

"Edna" she said, "I wish you would dust the dining room, and see that things are in order, for tomorrow is Thanksgiving."

"Yes mother, I will," she replied, so in a few minutes she was busy tidying up the room. After she had finished the task she donned her hat and went to visit Mrs. Smith.

She seemed to have brought a ray of sunshine with her, for Mrs. Smith's countenance lighted as she told her of the change in the fever.

All at once she caught sight of a little face peeping in at the door. It was Ruthy. She stood a moment on the threshold, looking shyly in, and so much like a pink flower that Miss Edna smiled.

Miss Edna's face was very sweet always, and when she smiled her eyes had a way of shining, and when she said softly, "Come here little flower," Ruthy crept up to her and looked

straight into her face. Miss Edna kissed her cheek.

"What are you?" she asked, "a little pink rose, fresh from the garden, or a daisy, or a wild flower?"

"I am Ruthy," the child answered.

Then Ruthy, with big tears in her eyes, told her that tomorrow was Thanksgiving day, but that they could not have a roasted turkey like other children. Edna tried to console her by telling her that maybe their mamma would get one.

On her way home Edna made up her mind that the children should have a Thanksgiving dinner, so she told her mother what she intended to do, and with the co-operation of the cook a basket was filled. Among the first things that went into the basket was the so much desired turkey, then came the pies, cake, and every thing that could possibly be wanted to appease an appetite on Thanksgiving. After the basket was filled to its utmost capacity with the goodies, Edna, recalling the verse, "Give as ye have, not as ye have not," went to her room, took a roll of paper from her purse and put it into the basket, thinking the children could be made more comfortable for the approaching winter by the use of it.

When the basket was delivered what joy was brought to that family! How the little faces brightened up as they peeped in at its contents. Nellie was able to be up on that day, the first time in many weeks.

Edna's joy was unbounded when she saw the results of the little effort she had put forth. So two dinners, instead of one, was enjoyed.

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"FOR WHAT IS YOUR LIFE." JAMES IV. 14

The Apostle in propounding this question to the disciples has reference to the natural life, which question in itself is not hard to answer.

We understand this to mean the natural or physical life, and its duration from birth until death of the body, and whether the same be a few days or many years, the Apostle views it as being very short, "even as unto a vapor," as compared with the life hereafter. Therefore "man that is born of a woman

is of a few days and full of trouble." Job xiv, 1. Then what does this life in itself promise us? "Even childhood and youth" is declared "vanity." Ecclesiastes xi, 10. And surely old age has its disadvantages, its sorrows and adversities. Life is physiological and natural. Death is the result of pathological process, a degeneration of the physiological functions, and yet death is quite natural; as there is a fixed law making death an inevitable consequence, on account of life. So we see we became living beings independent of our will, and just so certain we must die independent of our will.

Now it seems these fixed laws alone do not satisfy man, and why do they not? It is because "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. xv, 19.

Humanity even uncivilized recognizes the fact of a life beyond this; although their idea of God's law of love and salvation being ever so incorrect, it proves that man is created to recognize a Supreme Maker and Ruler, and to him alone he is responsible for his acts, and for this reason the heathen pays homage to the Creator in his way of understanding worship.

The Christian's life therefore in this world is of a twofold character, i. e., the physical and spiritual, or in other words, the godly life united with the physical, as our bodies are God's habitation, when we are living for the life to come. With such a combination of lives, we are in a condition to live for God an immortal glory. Now to maintain this twofold, or combined life, we must strive to live godly, strive to lay up treasures in heaven for our future happiness, and not lay up treasures on earth to the neglect of the heavenly. "For a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." St. Luke xii, 15.

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There is power in this rest in God of which the men who are rushing along the broad and dusty highway can form no conception. The meadows on which the soul refreshes itself are ever green. —Tholuck